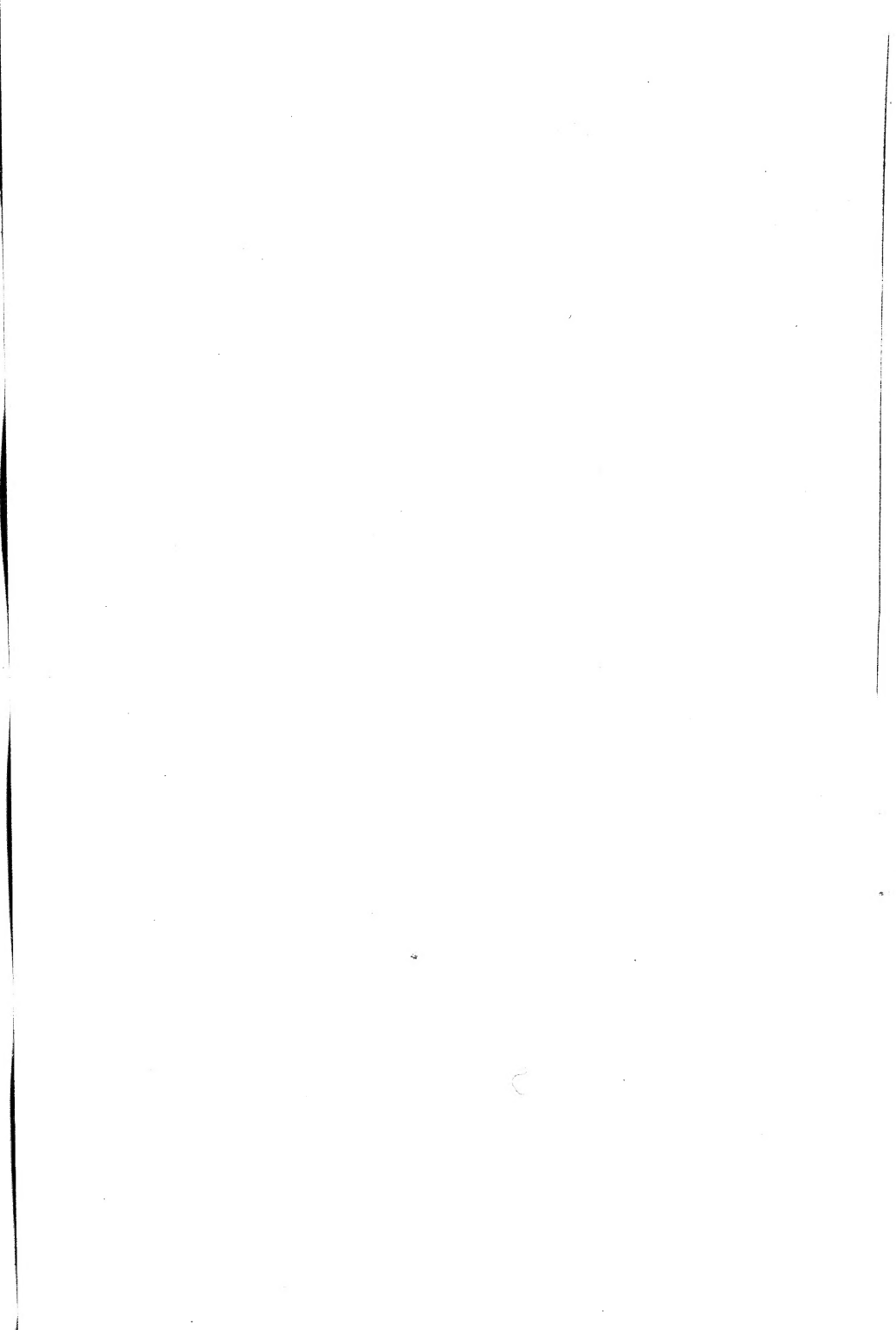


BAT SONGS





RING DANG DOO

When I was young and sweet sixteen,
I met a girl from New Orleans.
Oh, she was young and pretty too,
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo.

A ring-dang-doo, pray what is that?
It's round and soft like a pussycat.
It's round and soft and split in two,
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo.

She took me up into her bed,
She placed her tits beneath my head.
And then she took my hickey-floo,
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo.

Now six months later she began to swell,
She swelled and swelled till she looked like hell.
She told her ma and her father too,
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo.

Her father said, "You filthy whore,"
You've gone and lost your maiden's lore.
Pack up your bag and your nighty too,
And make a living from your ring-dang-doo.

She went to the city to become a whore,
She hung a sign upon her door.
Five dollars now, nothing else will do,
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo.

And the fellers came and the fellers went,
And the price went down to fifteen cents.
Fifteen cents, nothing else will do,
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo.

And then one day a son-of-a-bitch,
He had the crabs and the jockey itch.
He had the syph and diarrhea too,
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo.

They hung her tits in the city hall,
They pickled her ass in alcohol.
Now all you bums and hobos too,
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo.

So they buried her near the city hall,
And there they engraved upon the wall.
She's learned her lesson and you should too,
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo.

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY

CHORUS

I don't want to join the Army, I don't want to go to war.
I want to hang around, Picadilly all around
Living off the earnings of a high born lady
Don't want a bullet up my arse hole
Don't want my buttocks shot away
I'd rather be in England, in jolly, jolly England
And fornicate my bloody life away.

Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
Wednesday with success, I lifted up her dress
Thursday, her chemise, Gor Blimey
Friday I put my hand upon it
Saturday she gave my balls a tweak
And Sunday after supper, I rammed the old boy up her
And now I'm payin' seven bob a week, Gor Blimey.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the ocean
And I were a whale I would teach them emotion

CHORUS: Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I were a ram I'd make them rum faster

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr
I'd try twice as hard to get twice as far

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover
And I were a bull I would chase them all over

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, fuck 'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball
But, it's better than none at all - so, fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I shot a man, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I shot a man, fuck 'em all
Oh, I shot him in the head with a piece of fucking lead
Now, the silly fucker's dead, fuck 'em all

They say I'm gonna swing, fuck 'em all
They say I'm gonna swing, fuck 'em all
They say I'm gonna swing from a piece of fucking string
What a silly fucking thing, fuck 'em all

Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck 'em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope with a piece of fucking soap
What a silly fucking joke, fuck 'em all

The parson he will come, fuck 'em all
The parson he will come, fuck 'em all
The parson he will come with his tales of kingdom come
He can shove them up his bum, fuck 'em all

The hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all
The hangman wears a mask, fuck 'em all
The hangman wears a mask for his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass, fuck 'em all

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck 'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too with his silly fucking crew
They've got fuck all else to do, fuck 'em all

I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd, fuck 'em all
I saw Molly in the crowd and I felt so fucking proud
That I shouted right out loud - FUCK 'EM ALL!

BALLS OF O'LEARY

The balls of O'Leary, are wrinkled and hairy
They're shapely and stately, like the dome of St Paul

The women all muster, to see that great cluster
And they stop and they stare, at that bloody great pair
Of O'Leary's balls

BEASTIALITY'S GREAT

CHORUS

Beastiality's great, mate. Beastiality's great, fuck a wallaby
Beastiality's great, mate. Beastiality's great.

Put your log in a dog, mate. Put your log in a dog, fuck a wallaby
Put your log in a dog, mate. Put your log in a dog. CHORUS

Sixty nine with a porcupine
In the slew of a ewe
Up the ass of a bass
In the ear of a deer
Butt-fuck a duck
Fellatio with a rhino
Deep throat a goat
Gang rape an ape
Turn it loose with a goose
In the hole of a mole
On your back with a yak
Make love to a dove
Do it slow with buffalo
ETC, ETC

SWING LO, SWEET CHARIOT

Swing lo, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home
Swing lo, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home

I looked over Jordan and what did I see?
Comin for to carry me home
A band of angels comin' after me
Comin' for to carry me home

Swing lo, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home
Swing lo, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home

Humming

Silent

MY LITTLE GIRL FROM BALTIMORE

CHORUS

Why do the drums go boom dee boom dee
Why do the drums go boom dee boom dee
Why do the drums go boom dee boom dee
Why do the drums go boom dee boom

Well, I took her to the store just to buy some cheese
But, the funk from her drawers knocked the clerk to his knees
She's a rotten mother-fucker, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore CHORUS

Well, I took her to the store just to buy some steak
But, the funk from her drawers blew the steak from the plate
She's a rotten mother-fucker, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore CHORUS

Well, I took her to the bank just to check the till
But the funk from her drawers took the green from the bill
She's a rotten mother-fucker, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore CHORUS

Well, I took her to the base just to watch planes fly
But the funk from her drawers knocked the planes from the sky
She's a rotten mother-fucker, but I love her so
She's my little girl from Baltimore

SING US ANOTHER ONE

CHORUS

Oh, aye, aye, aye, aye

So lets have another verse
That's worse than the other verse
And waltz me around by my Willie

- 1 Fighter Pilots eat pussy
- 2 Your mother swims out to meet troop ships
- 3 Your sister eats batshit off cave walls
- 4 Your grandmother douches with draino
- 5 Your mother licks moose cum off pine cones
- 6 Your mother does squat thrusts on fireplugs
- 7 In China they do it for chili

THE SCOTCH WEDDING

There was a ball, a bloody great ball, the ball of Kerrie Muir
Four and twenty prostitutes, shaggin' on the moor

CHORUS

Balls to your partner, ass against the wall
If you've never been laid on a Saturday night
You've never been laid at all

The King was in his counting house, counting out his wealth
The Queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself

The bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb

The parson's wife she was there, seated down in front
A wreath of rose's 'round her neck, a carrot up her cunt

The village parson he eas there, and very surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree

The parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits
Diving off the mantlepice and landing on her tits

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the ricks
You couldn't hear the music for the slushing of the pricks

They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the oats
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs
You couldn't see the carpets for the come and curly hairs

The village blacksmith he was there, his hammer and his awls
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls

The village idiot he was there, making like a fool
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool

Plowman Jack he was there, that bugger wouldn't dance
Sitting with his hard on, and waiting for his chance

The fiery Colonel he was there, he'd fought amongst the Boers
He jumped up on the table and shouted for the whores

The village cripple he was there he couldn't do very much
So he lined 'em against the wall and fucked 'em with his crutch

The village butcher he was there, cleaver in his hand
And every time he spun around, he'd circumcise the band

Little Jimmy he was there, but he was only eight
Bein' too young to join the fun, he had to masterbate

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox
He couldn't fuck his lassie, so he fucked the letter box

When the ball was over, the folks went home to rest
They said they liked the music, but the fucking was the best

QUICK SONG

Well, the nipples on her tits were as big as a blimp
And the shape of her bum make a dead man come
She's a mean mother-fucker, she's a great cocksucker
She's my girl, she fucks.

THE MOUSE

The liquor was spilled on the barroom floor
And the bar was closed for the night.
When out of his hole, a little mouse crept
And he sat in the pale moonlight.
He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor
And back on his haunches he sat,
And all night long you could hear him roar,
"BRING ON THE GODDAMN CAT!!!"

SPANISH GUITAR

Oh, the first port of call was Aden, Aden
Where the girls wouldn't fuck, but we made 'em, made 'em

CHORUS: Two dollars you pay, for a bang up each way
And a tune on a spanish guitar - Singing -
Hi-ziggy-ziggy, fuck a little piggy sideways, swish, swish
My idea of awoman is a big fat whore
Shit-bang, fuck-stick
Two dollars you pay for a bang up each way
And a tune on a spanish guitar. Plink, plink, plink.

Oh, the next port of call was Boston, Boston
Where the girls wouldn't fuck, but we forced 'em, forced 'em

Oh, the next port of call was Malta, Malta
Where the girls wouldn't fuck, but oughta, oughta

Oh, the next port of call was Suwon, Suwon
Where the girls would do it for two won, two won

Oh, the next port of call was Takhli, Takhli
Where the girls would do it for free, for free

DEAR MOM YOUR SON IS DEAD

Dear Mom your son is dead, he bought the farm today
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Min's highway
It was a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass
Mmm ...

He went across the fence, to see what he could see
And there it was, as plain as it could be
It was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load
Mmm ...

That Fac got on the horn, he gave the TAC a call
He said send me air, I've got a truck that's stalled
They said, well, that's all right, we'll send 'em Vampire flight
Mmm ...

Those fighters checked right in, gunfighter's two by two
Low on gas and tanker overdo
They asked that FAC to mark just where that truck was parked
Mmm ...

That FAC he rolled right in, with his smoke to mark
Exactly where that truck was parked
But the rest is in doubt, because he never pulled out
Mmm ...

Dear Mom your son is dead, he bought the farm today
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Min's highway
It was a rocket pass and then he busted his ass
Mmm ...

Son's comin' home in a body bag, do da, do da
Son's comin' home in a body bag, oh a do da day
Mother fucker's dead, bought a piece of lead
Son's comin' home in a body bag, oh a do da day.

FIREMAN SONG

My father is a fireman, he puts out fires
My brother is a fireman, he puts out fires
My sister Sal is a fireman's gal, she puts out, too.

My father is a busdriver, he goes downtown
My brother is a busdriver, he goes downtown
My sister Sal is a busdriver's gal, she goes down, too.

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt
Who went to the doctor 'cause she couldn't shit
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass
And up went the window and out went her ass

CHORUS

It was brown, brown shit falling down
It was brown, brown shit all around
It was brown, brown shit falling down
The whole world was covered with shit, shit, shit, shit

A handsome young copper was walking his beat
He happened to be on that side of the street
He looked up so innocent, he looked up so shy
When a great glob of shit hit him right in the eye CHORUS

That handsome young copper he cursed and he swore
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore
And 'neath London Bridge you can still see him sit
With a sign 'round his neck saying blinded by shit CHORUS

DEAD WHORE BY THE ROADSIDE

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside
I knew right away she was dead
The skin was all gone from her tummy
The hair was all gone from her head

And as I lay down there beside her
I knew right away I had sinned
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy
And sucked out the wad I'd shot in

Sucked out, sucked out
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in, shot in
Sucked out, sucked out
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in

HAIL BRITTANIA

Hail Brittania, marmalade and jam
Three Chinese crackers up your asshole, Bam, Bam, Bam

Hail Brittania, marmelade and jam
Two Chinese crackers up your asshole, Bam, Bam, .

Hail Brittania, marmelade and jam
One Chinese cracker up your asshole, Bam, . . .

Hail Brittania, marmalade and jam
No Chinese crackers up your asshole,

O'LEARY'S BAR

'Twas a cold winter's evening
The folks were are leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar
When he turned and he said to the lady in red
Get out, you can't stay where you are.

Well, she wiped a sad tear in her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead (head? who said head ...)
When a handsome young dapper stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said.

Your mother never told you the things a young girl should know
About the ways of fighter pilots and how they come and go
The days have taken your beauty away
The years have left their sad scar
So, remember your mother and Fuck all the others
And never sleep under the bar, without your pants on.

ONE HEN TONGUE TWISTER

ONE HEN
TWO DUCKS
THREE SQUAKING GEESE
FOUR LIMERICK OYSTERS
FIVE PORPULENT PORPOISES
SIX PAIRS OF DON ALVEEZER'S TWEEZERS
SEVEN THOUSAND MACEDONIAN WARRIORS CHARGING IN FULL BATTLE ARMOR
EIGHT BRASS MONKEYS FROM THE ANCIENT, SACRED CRYPTS OF EGYPT
NINE APATHETIC, SYMPATHETIC, DIABETIC OLD MEN ON ROLLER SKATES
WITH A MARKED PROPENSITY FOR PROCRASTINATION AND SLOTH
TEN LYRICAL, SPHERICAL, DIABOLICAL DENNIZENS OF THE DEEP WHO QUOTH
QUAY THROUGH THE QUIVY OF THE QUARY CONSTANTLY AND AT THE
SAME TIME
RIGHT? RIGHT!

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do, I love her truly
I love the hole, that she pisses through
I love her lilly white tits and her ruby red lips
And the hair around her asshole
I eat her shit, gobble-gobble, chomp-chomp
With a rusty spoon, with a rusty spoon.

NO BALLS AT ALL

There once was a girl named Sarah McFox
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box
She married a man named Patrick McCall
With a very short peter and no balls at all.

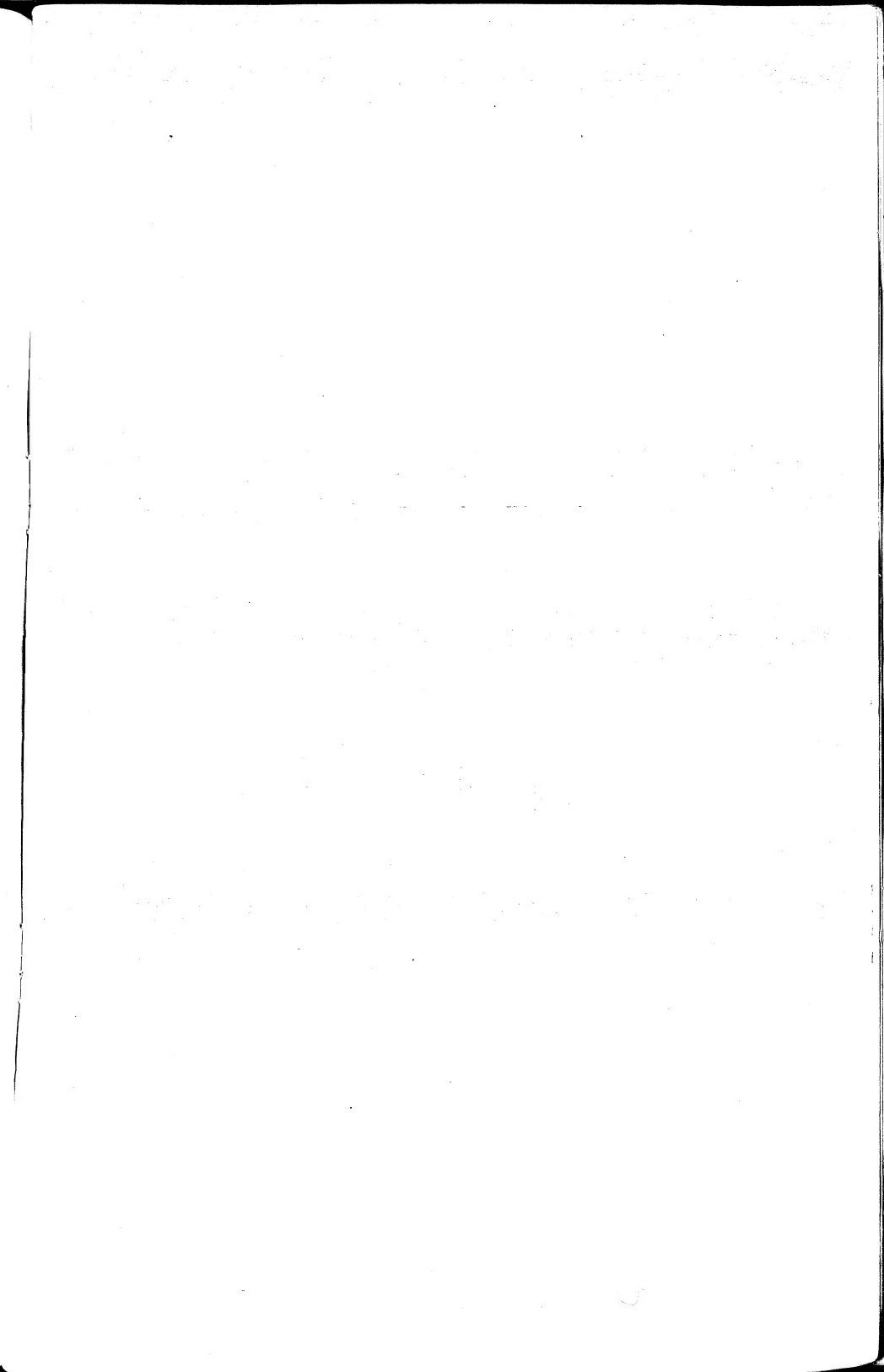
CHORUS: No balls, no balls
A very short peter
And no balls at all.

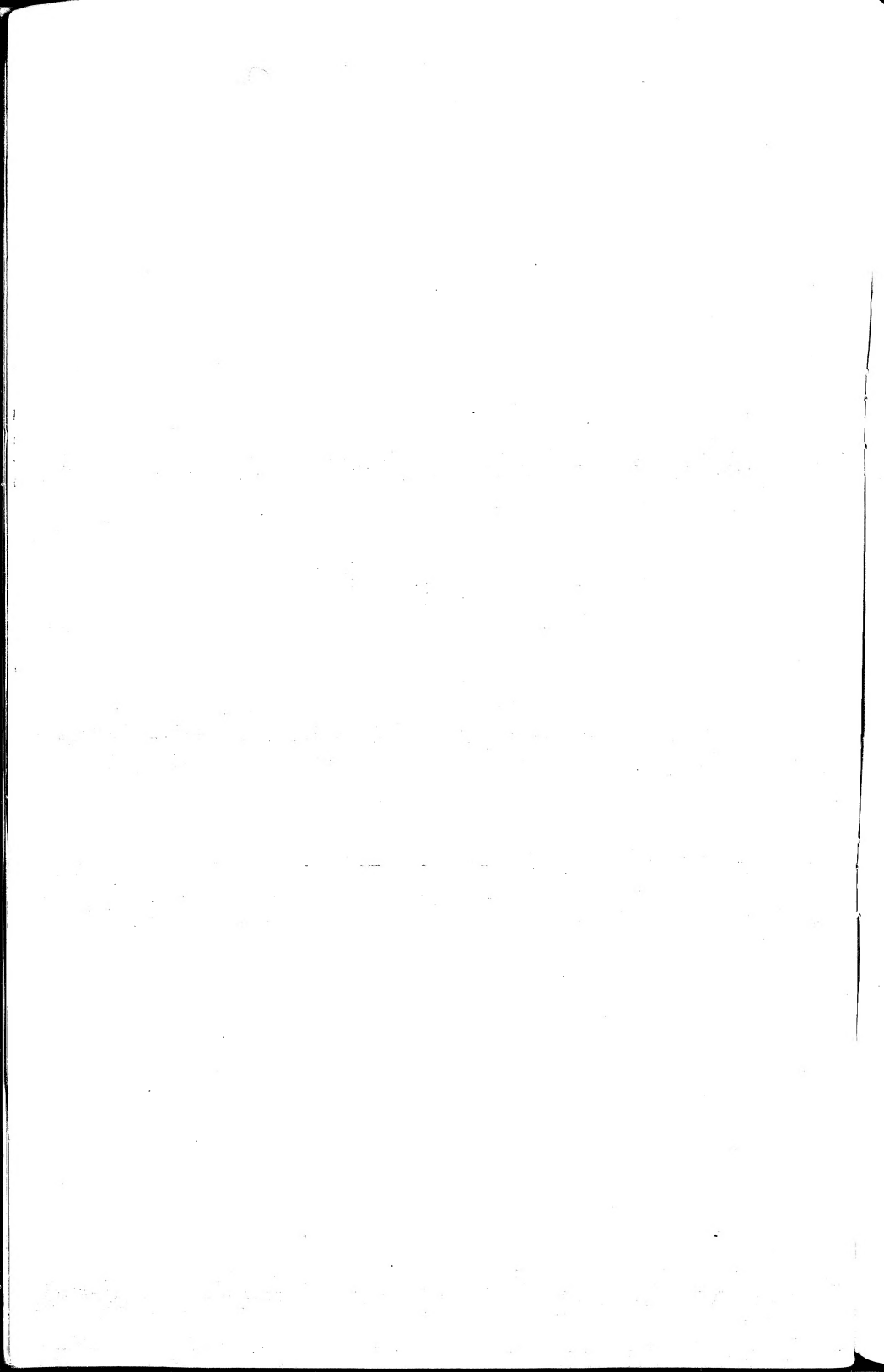
The very first night that they were wed
They took off their clothes and went straight to bed
She reached for his pecker, it was very small,
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Now, mother, dear mother, oh, what shall I do?
I've married a man who never can screw.
I reached for his pecker, it was very small,
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Oh daughter, dear daughter, don't you be sad
It was the same trouble I had with your Dad.
There's many a man who will come to call,
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all.

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice
And found the results exceedingly nice.
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall,
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.





WARNING WARNING WARNING

This is a "word of warning". A warning to those readers whose tender sensibilities may be offended by the language of these ballads. But it is no apology to them. For these are the songs that are sung by flying officers and men throughout the English speaking world. They reflect the manners of men at war, the morals of pilots who drink to forget for an evening the combat mission they must fly at dawn. Many of the lyrics were adapted to the Vietnam and Korean "situations" after becoming popular in World War II, and at least one or two were sung around the campfires on the eve of Gettysburg. It follows, therefore, that they are not a product of a particular degenerate age. They are instead, as they always have been, an integral part of military life in the field; no more and no less so than a cold tent, bathing in a helmet, or the sorting of a buddy's personal effects for shipment home. You must accept or ignore them as we accept or ignore the conditions that inspired their authors to write them and us to sing them.

SO, GET A GRIP OR A NEW JOB IF YOU CAN'T DEAL!!!

BESIDES, THE "PREACHER" SINGS THESE SONGS.

